

Safe. Safe? the battle-field of life Seldom knows a pause in strife. Every path is set with snares, Every joy is crossed with cares. Brightest morn has darkest night, Fairest bloom has quickest blight. Hope has but a transient gleam, Love is but a passing dream. Trust is Folly's helpless wait. Who dare call their dearest safe?

But thou, though peril loom afar, What hast thou to do with war? Let the wild stream flood its brink, There's no bark of thine to sink. Let falsehood weave its subtle net, Thou art done with vain regret. Let Fortune frown and friends grow strange, Thou hast passed the doom of change. We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe— Safe, my darling, dead and safe!

—Macmillan's Magazine

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

She never dreamed that she was a heroine; she had no thought how white and sweet the angel of her womanhood was that made a humble, poverty-stricken home the shelter of her aged grandmother and her young brothers and sisters, and by patient labor and constant self-sacrifice brought around them, conditions that enabled them, these younger ones, to prepare for a brighter lot in life than hers had been. But she was a heroine; she was an angel in the guise of a very humble woman.

She was only sixteen years old, this Judith Marston, when at one fell swoop of a disease born of poverty and wretchedness, father and mother and two lads, eight and twelve years of age, died, and Judith was left with four little ones and her blind grandmother dependent on her. She was only sixteen, but not for a moment did any thought of shirking what she looked upon as her manifest business, enter her mind. Grandmother, Carrie, Lucy, and the little twin boys, only five years old, Benny and Joseph, must be taken care of—and there was no one but Judith to do it. How was it to be done?

"Judith," said the missionary who had visited them during the illness of the family, "I think the best thing you can do is to let me get the little ones into the Orphan Asylum, and then you might perhaps be able to take care of the old lady; but I do not see how you can take care of six people."

Judith spoke very low and quietly, but there was decision in her manner that put an end to the argument:

"Mr. Bogart, grandmother has lost enough already; it would break her heart to be parted from the little ones, and I shall try and keep them together as mother would have done. If I do not succeed it will not be my fault, but I shall try."

"How, Judith?"

"I do not know, sir, yet, but I feel sure that when any one is as determined as I am, God will find a way for them."

The next week found Judith and her little brood in a tenement even more dilapidated than the one she had left, up two more flights of stairs, and occupying only two small rooms instead of four. Everything that could be spared of furniture was sold, and only the barest necessities kept. The sewing machine that her mother had used and taught her to use, she kept. When all her little household arrangements were made and the children sent to school, she said, "Grandmother, we have one blessing in these rooms, they are light, and they have the morning sun. It is such a comfort to know that while you knit you can sit in the sun—it is so good for you. Now I am going to Lazzerowitch & Jacobs', to run a machine on waterproof cloaks and such work. They pay five dollars a week and are civil men, the girls say. Hours are from eight till half past five; and then I shall try to get work at home for the evenings. Carrie and Lucy can wash the dishes and tidy the rooms before school, and we will try to get along."

Tears stood in the grandmother's blind eyes as she put her hand on Judith's head and blessed her. "It is a hard lot you have, Judy," she said.

"Not half as hard as yours, granny, not half so hard as many a young girl has to bear. And I am so thankful, dear, that the children are good, and that father and mother brought us up so carefully. They did the best they could."

Judith found her task an arduous one. Rest she never knew. Up with the dawn, she arranged matters at home for the day before she went to the shop, and when her day's work was done for Lazzerowitch & Jacobs', a new one commenced at home. When she could obtain sewing to do after hours she did that; when she could not, she was never idle; there was mending and making to do to keep grandmother and the children comfortable and herself in decent trim for her work, and it was seldom that she had more than six hours' rest out of the twenty-four.

"Judith Marston is always as neat and tidy as if she had just stepped out of a show-case," said one of the girls to another as they ate their lunch one day, "but she never wears a ribbon or a ruffle on her dress, not the sign of an ornament, only the little plain collar and cuffs. I should think she would try to be like other girls." The young woman who said this wore a soiled ruffled alpaca dress, trailing some inches upon the ground and plentifully encrusted with mud; her hair was puffed and frizzed and ornamented with a dirty pink ribbon, while about her neck was a ruffle that had once been white, fastened with a bow to match that in her hair. "Judith Marston," she cried out, "why don't you dress like other folks? Are you going to turn Quakers? You never wear a ribbon or a bit of trimming on your dress; and that plain straw hat you wore all last winter. Don't you care for nice things?"

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

VOLUME IV. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875. NUMBER 29.

Judith flushed a little as she answered, "Yes, Kitty, I care for nice things, but I can not afford to buy anything but what is necessary, and I haven't time to spend making up my things any other way than plainly."

Another girl spoke up and said, "Don't you know, girls, that Judith Marston has a family to support. I guess if we had six people to provide for we wouldn't look as well as she does."

It soon came to be understood that Judith had no time for any of the amusements of other young girls. She devoted herself so earnestly to her work that her employers learned to appreciate her faithfulness and thoroughness, and when the slack season arrived she was the last hand discharged. But O! that slack season—the poor sewing girls know how much it means. Judith did what she could to prepare for it; but work as hard as she might it was very little she could put by after the rent was paid, and the barest necessities purchased. Grandmother sometimes earned a few shillings by her knitting, which she always handed over to Judith, and this Judith always put in a little silk bag by itself.

"If granny is ill, she shall have something to buy comforts with," she said. When school vacation came, the little girls were taught to sew and to do cooking and prepare for usefulness—but many days there were when hunger was not satisfied, and Judith's heart ached that she could not provide better for her charge.

Carrie was a very bright child and devoted to her books. Frequently she came home with commendations from her teachers. She stood high, almost first in all her classes. After two years had passed and Carrie was fourteen years old, the grandmother said one day, "Judith, it seems to me Carrie has had schooling enough, and ought to be helping you now; it makes my heart ache to have you work so hard; the boys are getting big and eat more, and wear out more clothes, and so are the girls, and it makes just so much more for you to do."

"Well, granny, I'll speak to Carrie, and see what she says. I have an idea that she would like to be a teacher, and if that is so I want her to be one, no matter how hard I have to work for it."

That night Judith said: "I see you've been studying hard all vacation, every chance you've had. Now tell me, dear, would you like to be a teacher?"

"Oh sister," answered the young girl, "that is just what I am trying to do myself; for Mr. Johnston, our Principal, told me last term that I had the gift, and if I would only prepare myself for it, he had no doubt I would succeed, but I have never said any thing about it, for I have felt that since you have to work so hard I ought to be earning something to help you. I can not do it in less than two years if I am to be a teacher."

"My dear," said Judith, "we must think of what will be the best for you and the children in the end, not of present comfort. You must commence going to school again with the opening term. Lucy, what are you going to do? I mean when you quit school. While we are about it, we may as well see what plans the little girl has."

"Well, sister, I am the best scholar in my class in spelling and grammar, and I know all the rules of punctuation. Martha Jones says her sister has learned type setting, I could get a place where Jenny Jones is, and I could begin next week. If I'm smart I could begin to earn wages, Jenny says, in six months—she did and I guess I'm as quick as she is, if I'm not as old. I'll do my very best, and then I can help you take care of granny and the boys. I wonder what the boys will be!"

Said Benny, "I'll be a butcher and have plenty of meat. We'll have roast beef and roast turkey every day."

Said Joseph, "I'll keep a grocery, and granny shall have all the tea she wants, and we'll have lots o' goodies."

The years passed on. Lucy was as good as her word; at the end of a year she was earning wages and helping bear the burdens of the family. After graduating, Carrie was advised to go to the high school, and her sisters insisted it should be so. "It will be better in the end," said Judith. And Judith was right; at the time I write Carrie is twenty-one years old, and has a principal's place in one of the ward schools. Lucy is proof-reader for a daily paper; and the little boys having changed their minds as to occupation, are both learning the machinist's trade. Judith at twenty-five is forewoman in the work-room of one of the largest manufacturing of ladies' apparel in New York, and is looked up to by her little family as the angel of the household. Grandmother still sits by the sunny window, but it is in a comfortable house, and geraniums and roses, heliotrope and mignonette, waft their fragrance over her as she knits socks for her boys.

In Keokuk, Iowa, recently, a woman was giving testimony in a case of counterfeiting, and upon being asked if she thought she could identify the man who gave the spurious bill, she after scanning carefully all the jurors present, suddenly pointed to one of them, a gentleman from Muscatine, and said: "Yes, I think that's the man."

Roll-call—the baker's visit.

The Last Moments of Nero.

When Nero learned that he had a master in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated feasting, dashed to pieces his two favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poisons, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping-room, he passed a miserable night; and when, at daybreak, he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on a horse, and rode away to a country house four miles off. He was at length got into the house where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread that was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him counselled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "Qualis artifex pereo" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very oppositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hand and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even he had friends; five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an imperial concubine accompanied them in the pious task of solemnly depositing them in the tomb of the Domitii. For years after loving hands hung garlands on his tomb; and surely Nero could not have won this tribute of sympathy, spontaneously made, had he not some touch of virtue in him, which saved him from ranking beneath humanity. —*Monarchs Retired from Business, by Dr. Doran.*

Motherless.

Three little golden heads at an upper window and a long line of carriages in the street below. Nurse holds baby up, who laughs and claps his little dimpled hands as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone away forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except, perhaps, the curtains are not looped as gracefully, the furniture is not disposed so tastefully, and the little ornaments and bijouterie are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there is a chill and a prim air about everything, so different from its usual look of cosy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the children soon tire of them. There is something gone—their source realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabies. And papa comes home and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them something of the beautiful home to which mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they cannot think why the Good Father should want her so much more.

A good old minister in one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five awaited to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves. After its performance, however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of them joined the society of which he was pastor.

A few Sundays after the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.

"And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister.

"Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the elder's reply.

"Very well," said the old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

For music lovers—a patti on a Grisi plate.

A Negro's Prayer.

The following grotesque yet solemn prayer is a verbatim report by a writer in the Educational Monthly, taken in the winter of 1862-3 at a Methodist meeting held by plantation negroes in a settlement near camp:

"O Lord God of dis glorious universe, wit dou look down in the omnipresence of dy eye upon dese dy collar children bowed upon de knuckle bone dis night. Take a solemn peep upon us, and let a heap o' light in. Dou knowest what dese dy poor darkies need. Dere be Sam, dere be Jerry, and dere be Pompey. Dey are in dere sins, dat's what I reckon. Help dem to git up, and git from de wilderness of sin, and come into de clearing of salvation. Take a solemn peep also upon de darkies in de dole cabin, who fiddle and whirl upon de bombastic toe, while dy servant fulminates words to dee. May dey rise above de anthratory things of dis world, and fly like Massa Linkum's balloon heavenward. (Prof. Lowe's balloon was anchored near by.) Ruler of all humankind on dis earth, wilt dou bress de generals in de field dis night, if it be circumspection in dy eye. Bress de colonels in de field dis night, if it be circumspection in dy discreet eye, and also bress de Union soldiers, who carry de musket and chew de cartridge, fightin' for de Union and de Stars and Stripes. Dey fight in a scientific cause and be de bestest of men; but, good Lord, may dey swear less and pray more. And finally, bress dy humble servant now supplicating dee in behalf of dese benighted darkies. It be hooves dee to dig deep and sound to de very bottom of his heart. May dere be nary blimpage between myself and my Saviour. In de language of de mighty Washington, dis world is all a fleetin' show. To-day we are alive and hoppin' around like grasshoppers, to-morrow de sickle of death cuts us down, and spreads us out like grass in hay time. On every side dou knowest, O Lord, is de evidence of de dislocation and destruction of de human family. Dere be fighting among one another and natural disease. But we die to live again either as saints or as evil spirits. Dere be discussion on doctrines, Election, Beforeordination, perfection, and sich like, confuse de intellects of de poor darkies. But, good Lord, dou knowest dat dere be vain illusions, splittin' and dividin' dy creatures into sexes without mercy. Whoever will, can go to glory. Many dere will be with slick countenances, white collars and fine clothes, who will find de gates shut against them, while de blind old woman, hobblin' on crutches, she go straight in. Amen."

A Man Who Won't Pay.

A little old man, smoking a huge pipe and wearing an excited look, rushed into the City Hall yesterday and found his way into the rooms of the Chief of Police. Standing before that official the man swelled out and exclaimed:

"No—by dander—no!"

"No what?" asked the Chief.

"You tings I bay dat license," shouted the smoker. "You tings I bay one hundred fifty dollar tax license!"

"That's the new law."

"You tings I was a fool zo high, and zo pig around, and zo long!" continued the man measuring the air.

"I guess you'll have to pay."

"We shall zee about dat poety quick! I shall do somedings."

"What?"

"I shall show you—ha! you know what I does—eh? I shall shut up my saloon and sells nothings no more. Ven der vellers come around and kick on der door nobody shall be dere. Ven a pig growd comes up from Doleado on Zunday dey shall have no beer, no zigers, no Limburger. I shall rent my saloon mit an insurance agent, and he shall shiet der beoples, and I shall get drunk in my house, and der beoples shall have to drink wasser, und Daytroit shall go down him, und somebody shall come here from New York und pay der whole place for zwelf dollars, und move him up by Chicago—ha!"

And he shook his fist at the Chief and rushed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some New French Aphorisms.

It is right to despise fools; it is wrong not to fear them.

Love descends to friendship; friendship never soars to love.

People who injure us always say they do so for our good.

Women do not like to be remembered; men do not like to be forgotten.

Nothing shows happiness more than tears. Tears are the extreme smile.

An honest man never abandons a woman, but he knows how to make himself forsaken.

By their fickleness women escape much misery. Birds save themselves only with their wings.

A woman is never deceived by the love she inspires, but she deceives herself through that which she experiences.

A New Orleans negro shot his wife because she would not eat breakfast.

"He."

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, such as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "The King he has come," instead of "The King has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or an expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show: A gentleman says he had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr. — (let his locality be a secret), and recently he began his discourse thus: "My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this morning in the First Epistle General of the Apostle Peter, chapter five and verse eight, in the words: 'The Devel he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads: Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the Devel he was; secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position, namely, 'Where the Devel he was,' and 'Where the Devel he was seeking;' thirdly (and this is of a personal character), 'Who the Devel he was seeking.' And fourthly, and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet—'What the Devel he was roaring about.'"

Nautical Sermon.

When Whitefield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed "Take to the longboat!"

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

The Indianapolis Journal deems it a singular fact that few Americans know the words of our national songs. It particularizes thus: "It is safe to say that a score of parties in this vicinity tried yesterday (the 5th) to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and failed because no one knew the words. All knew the tune, but nobody the text. They could talk about it, give the key, start it, and keep it up for a line or two but nobody knew the words or could lead off in the beautiful and patriotic song. It is peculiar to the American people, and not specially creditable. Every Frenchman can sing the Marseillaise. Every German knows his national song, and so of other people. Only the Americans are deficient in this respect, who, of all others, ought to be posted. It ought to be made a regular duty in every common school of the land to memorize and sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' It is good poetry, good music and good politics. It cannot be learned too soon or repeated too often. The words are simple, the melody beautiful, and the history easily explained. It is the most characteristic of our national songs, and everybody ought to have it at his tongue's end."

A country lass was driving a donkey to a fair in Renfrewshire one fine summer morning. The donkey was a laggard, and was more intent on cropping the roadside herbage than on going to the fair; but the girl did not put herself about. Pleasant thoughts of her sweetheart were passing through her mind, and she sang gaily to herself. An Irish laborer overtook her, and, as he passed, he said, "My darling, you're as lively this morning as if you had been newly kissed." The happy girl at once answered, "If ye think, Pat, that a kiss makes me lively, I wish ye wad kiss my cuddy, for he' unco stiff this morning!"

As a stranger was yesterday knocking at the door of a house on Second street, a boy came around the corner and inquired:

"Got anything to sell?"

"Yes, I want to sell your mother a box of tooth paste."

"Might as well git off'n the steps," continued the boy as a smile broke out around his mouth; "she's got store teeth, and she cleans 'em with a woolen rag!"

Very stern parent indeed—"Come here, sir! What is the complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?" Much injured youth—"It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specks and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

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smooth gloss, takes the life, and leaves the writhing like the face of Maud:

"Faultily faultless, idly regular, splendidly null. Dead perfection—no more."

A perfect man, in the general usage of the term, is one who does nothing with which we can find fault; who never makes mistakes. And it is just as impossible for human affection to cling to such a one, as it is for ivy to cling to glass. It must have imperfections in which to fix its tendrils. But, though we cannot love this perfect man, yet we cannot hate him. We must regard him somewhat as we would the shackled slave, with only the difference, that the slave was made thus against his will, while the perfect man has voluntarily yielded himself to a life-long obedience of rules and customs. It is almost always the case, that with such a one we associate the idea of shallowness; when one is incapable of accomplishing a few great deeds, he often employs himself with a multiplicity of little things. But even if he has treasures within, they are so closely guarded, that years of acquaintance will not discover them, so like Bacon's perfect man, "he is so good that he is good for nothing."

But "thelow sun makes the color." Imperfection is the true flavor of character, and thus it is that stateliness and precision, are fatal to all comfort in society.

Often, those things, which some at first thought might expect to darken, or render hateful the lives of people, really render them more beautiful. The cloud, which obscures the moon, does not steal away its beauty, but adds to it, as some one says:

"Melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes The orb in richer beauties than her own, Then passing, leaves her in her light serene."

So many lives are rendered more lovely by the visitations of calamity. Sometimes even the foolishness of age brings new charms, and into the dark cottage of the soul there comes new light through the "chinks that time has made."

How many are the imperfections, in which we can see no beauty! And yet, it may be, that when by and by, we are enabled to look back upon this life with clear eyes, we shall perceive the radiant side of those dark clouds, and say with Phoebe Cary:

"It was better I suffered a little pain, Better I sinned for a little time, If the smarting warned me back from death, And the sting of sin withheld from crime."

So let my past stand just as it stands, And let me now as I may grow old, I am what I am, and my life for me, Is the best—or it had not been I hold."

An enthusiastic Americaniste reports to the Brooklyn Argus the discovery of a graven stone somewhere in the Catskills which is thought to be of extraordinary antiquarian interest. On the base are cut in rude letters the following:

1643.

TH-ISS-TO-NEWA-SPUTH- ER-TFO-BACTLET-OSCRAT- CH-THIRBA-CKSON S. B. AN-TH-ONIE

great historical event of the early Dutch settlement of New York.

A family, the widowed father of which has been somewhat afflicted of late with an attempted intermeddling of uproarious sisters-in-law, has a six-year old girl that has a "faculty of prayer." A few evenings since she enumerated the objects of her supplications as follows:

"God bless papa and my governess, and sisters and brother, and my uncle Sam and my aunt Georgia, and my twin cousins and cousin Julia, and all my relations, except Maur and Jane Ellen (the obnoxious nunts), and the less you have to do with them the better it will be for you."

The Waterloo Register says: If a man has a country seat, now is the time to go and sit down on it.

Last year the State of Massachusetts gilded the dome of its State-house, and now it has been compelled to pay for nermetically sealing the windows to the cupola above that the glittering surface may not be tarnished by the expectations of tobacco-using visitors.

A landlord having let all his houses but one, was asked if that unlet house was his last. "Yes, last, but not leased," was his reply.

At a circus, while the rope-walker was going through his performance, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age and remarked: "Tom, don't you wish you could do that?" "Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school and are determined that I shan't never be anybody!"

An elderly gentleman, returning home from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: "Jack, I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian assembly. It carried me to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack; "You will never have another such chance."

Louisville comes to the front with a new feature in the management of hotel dining rooms. At the Galt House a hundred negro waiters, all wearing white spike-tail coats, run on roller skates and bear delicious viands to the guests with lightning speed. On Wednesday a collision occurred, and a hail storm of victuals covered the wearing apparel of the bald-headed epicures.

An old lady, on hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of misdemeanor, exclaimed: "Miss Demenor! Lost his place on account of Miss Demenor! Well, well! I'm afoared it's too true that there's allus a woman at the bottom of a man's difflculties!"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

Religious Services.

The Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET expects to conduct a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 25th inst., at 2:30 p. m.

The Rev. Mr. BERRY expects to have a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Chapel, Troy, on Friday evening, August 6th.

Don't Neglect Your Voice.

Some of the deaf, losing their hearing in early childhood, retain the power of speech. Such are known as semi-mutes. This faculty of utterance is of exceedingly great value, and best appreciated when the pupil leaves school and grapples with the hard realities of life. It is a faculty which should never be neglected, and, happily, it receives more or less cultivation in all the institutions; in some, in connection with its auxiliary, lip-reading, it is the only means of communication and of instruction allowed. However, diverse may be the opinions in respect to teaching the deaf by the so-called system of articulation, it is a plain truth that the ability of a semi-mute to speak is to him a priceless boon. It is on the other hand a lamentable truth that too many of our semi-mutes suffer this power of theirs to remain unemployed, and resort to pencil and paper for even their slightest needs. Their excuse is that people cannot very well understand them. And why? Do they practice their gift daily and everywhere, and thus allow it to become perfect by time and repetition? Well, they say: "We have no teachers to keep us in time." What a fallacy! Teachers of articulation are ready at hand if they will but have it so. Press all your friends into your service; have them correct errors of pronunciation and other slips, and they will do it gladly, naturally, and because they do it naturally they are the best teachers. This is a kind of instruction every semi-mute can have all through life; and, on the word of one who has always found it so, it is a kind extremely pleasant and reasonably successful.

The National Deaf-Mute College.

We print to-day an article from the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, concerning this college. We are sure our readers will find it particularly interesting. We confess to a lively interest in this college; it is one of our things to be proud of, and we are glad to see the best minds and the best papers of the country are calling attention to its usefulness.

A Monument to the Abbe de l'Epée.

There is to be a deaf and dumb celebration in Paris—on the 10th of August, of course. All for the inauguration of a monument to the Abbe de l'Epée. *New York Herald.*

We know of no name more deserving to be perpetuated in marble than that of the Abbe de l'Epée. It has often been a matter of surprise to us, that some kind of a memorial had not been reared by the Parisian mutes. The political state of France may have had something to do with this tardiness, but better late than never.

We do not know but that the recent enthusiasm in this country, culminating in the dedication of the Clero monument, has had its effect over the sea and roused latent feelings of gratitude and respect for the good Abbe.

We shall watch for further details, with the keenest interest, and our readers may be sure we shall endeavor to secure the best and most reliable reports of the dedication exercises.

Over 250 young men have applied for admission to Harvard College this year, and the average age of the applicants is nineteen.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer.*

On Thursday evening, July 8th, in St. Paul's Church, East Bridgeport, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. FINNIMORE, was baptized by the Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET. He interpreted the service as it was read by the Rector, Rev. Dr. RICHTERSON.

The Rev. THOMAS B. BERRY assisted the Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET at St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, the 11th inst. He preached orally at the forenoon service, and conducted the afternoon service for deaf-mutes. Dr. Gallaudet held the monthly afternoon service for deaf-mutes in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn.

Miss E. D. CLAPP, Secretary of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club, now spending the summer at her home in Brooklyn, was recently presented with a costly Bible by the members of the club, as a token of their high appreciation of her valuable services, and of the high esteem in which she is held by them. Miss Clapp well deserved the gift, as we are sure no one has taken a deeper interest or labored more effectively in behalf of the society than she has.

At the Horticultural Fair of Queens county, which was held on the 23d and 24th ult., Mr. CHARLES P. SEAMAN, of Ridgewood, a deaf-mute, exhibited several kinds of strawberries, and was awarded a special premium of ten dollars.

GEORGE KENT, of Amherst, Mass., a deaf-mute, who is almost helplessly lame, has caught with a hook eight hundred and eighty trout for the Boston markets this season, besides seventeen hundred and sixty fish of other varieties.

The *Detroit News* says: "An old man by the name of McCONNELL, a deaf-copper and tinsmith, was quite seriously injured last evening, while crossing the C. & L. H. railroad track on Lawrence avenue, by being thrown from the track by the mixed train south. It is feared that his injuries will result fatally."

Mr. E. P. WOOD, wife, and child, Messrs. E. E. MILES, JOSEPH FLICK, H. A. RUMBLE, JULIUS A. BAUMGARTS, W. J. FRIEDRICKS and JOHN P. ALBRO, of Syracuse, celebrated the Fourth on Monday, in Oneida, as the guests of Mrs. MARIA BROWN, whose son, CALVIN H. BROWN, was a former resident of Syracuse. The elegant Summer Corps from the same city were the lions of the day and did their level best to keep up their reputation as a model corps in the grand parade and right successful were they in this respect. In the afternoon some of the party visited the Oneida Community with Mr. Brown. The festivities of the day closed at 10 o'clock in the evening with a fine display of fireworks, the mutes and their friends returning home on the 10:30 train.

Mr. A. P. KNIGHT, of Gouverneur, N. Y., whose connection with the New York Institution as a teacher was severed last summer, has been canvassing several towns of St. Lawrence County for an excellent work for which he has secured the agency. We understand that, although this was his first undertaking in this kind of business, he has thus far met with the success he truly merits, owing to the circumstances in which he is placed.

Cape Vincent celebrated the Fourth on Saturday on a large scale, and among the various sports of the day indulged in, there was an exciting sack race which created great amusement. Nine men entered this sport, but FRED COCKANE, a deaf-mute of that place, went in for business and won the prize.

Mr. BULLETT, a deaf-mute, was run over by an engine near the rolling mill at St. Albans, Vt., Saturday afternoon, and almost instantly killed. His body was cut completely in two, so says the *Nicholville Herald* of July 17th.

The Actives of Asylum Hill were defeated by the Clero nine, deaf-mutes, (second nine of the American Asylum) on Saturday by a score of 50 to 10, as follows:

Cleros 0 8 0 17 6 9 9 4—50
Actives 0 1 0 1 1 4 0 3 0—10
—*Hartford Paper.*

Yesterday the pupils of the Deaf-mute School presented their head teacher, Mr. W. S. SMITH, with a fine chronograph as a birthday present and also for being the founder of the school. It is a beautiful present, and will be highly appreciated by Mr. Smith as a remembrance of his pupils. —*Oregon Statesman.*

JOHN H. LA RUE, one of the pupils of the Oregon Deaf-mute School, has recently made Mr. W. S. SMITH, the head teacher, who is very well liked, a present of one dozen chickens, a fowl proceeding we wouldn't mind ourselves.

The Manual Alphabet Cards.

In consequence of the new postal regulations, the treasurer of the Home Building Fund is constrained to alter the prices of the manual alphabet cards which were published in a recent number of the JOURNAL. They are now sold as follows:

1 card, - - - - -	2 cents.
6 " - - - - -	10 "
12 " - - - - -	15 "
25 " - - - - -	30 "
37 " - - - - -	45 "
75 " - - - - -	60 "
100 " - - - - -	90 "
Address - - - - -	\$1.20

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FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLVE.

The Organ.

The number of the *Organ* for March is the last yet received. Our worthy colleague, Dr. Matthias, seems to encounter some difficulty, either in issuing his magazine punctually, or else in getting it through the mails to America.

The contents are as usual and interesting as usual. Of the two series of articles commenced in the January number, one is here concluded—Stahm's *On the Method of Teaching Articulation*; the other, Pablasek's *On the Marriage of the Blind*, is continued, to be brought to an end in the next number. The works reviewed by the editor are all French, viz.: the *Bulletin of the Paris Society*; a *Life of the Abbe Sicard*, by the venerable F. Berthier—a companion volume to his *Life of the Abbe de l'Epée*; and a set of *Readings and Exercises* by J. Theobald, a professor in the Paris Institution. The two latter were published in 1873.

Finally, we have the usual variety of brief items of intelligence, and editorial paragraphs, among which we observe a notice of the JOURNAL, (translated below) for which Dr. Matthias will accept our acknowledgments.

A Greeting from Germany to the Journal.

[From the *Organ of the German Institutions for March.*]

Under the title of "THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL" there appeared, on the 1st of January, at Mexico in the State of New York, a new paper for deaf-mutes, in the form of a large sheet with seven columns to the page. The editor and proprietor is HENRY C. RIDER, the Associate Editor FORT LEWIS SELINEY, and the "Foreign Department" is conducted by HENRY WINTER SYLVE, of whom it is said in the prospectus of the paper that "his name is a sufficient guaranty that this department will be found complete and reliable." All correspondence from abroad should be sent to the last-named gentleman; the address of the JOURNAL itself is "DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y."

In the first number of the above-named paper, which has been kindly sent to us, we observe with pleasure that our item in Vol. xx, pp. 139 and 140 [relative to the clothing of pupils at the Friedberg Institution], gave occasion for an extended article on the subject of assistance to poor deaf-mutes at the public expense.

The Articulation Movement in England.

IMPORTANT MEETING IN LONDON.

The Lord Mayor presided yesterday at a crowded meeting held in the Long Parlor at the Mansion House in support of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

The Lord Mayor opened the proceedings by giving his most cordial support to the association, which was in no way antagonistic to the institutions in existence, having the same object in view.

Earl Granville, at the desire of the committee, he being the president of the institution to promote which the meeting had assembled, rose to propose the first resolution, and in doing so he made an eloquent and touching appeal on behalf of the deaf and dumb, drawing attention to a paper on the subject written and read by Mr. Dasset at a meeting of the Society of Arts. The system they were adopting was not perfectly new, because as Mr. Dasset pointed out in his paper, there was more than 300 years ago, a case of an Italian teaching the deaf and dumb by means of the lips, and in Holland and Germany the system had been introduced with the very best results. In conclusion, he moved:—"That this meeting approves of the object of the society for the oral instruction of the deaf and dumb, and desires to see the system of teaching advocated by the society permanently established and extended in this country."

The motion was seconded by Mr. Leopold Rothschild, and carried.

Lord Houghton moved, "That in order to give effect to the foregoing resolution a fund be raised by subscription for the endowment of the schools of the Society."

The Marquis of Lansdowne seconded the motion.

Sir Charles Trevelyan moved the appointment of a committee to raise the necessary funds, that committee to consist of the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Houghton, Sir C. Trevelyan, Mr. D. G. W. Dasset, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Samuel Montague, and Mr. H. T. Moses.

The motion was seconded by the Rev. W. Rogers, and adopted, after which

The Duke of Westminster moved a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, mentioning the fact of his connection with another institution for teaching the deaf and dumb, and his presence at that meeting to assist in promoting the object they had in view, as an evidence that the other kindred institutions did not look with jealousy upon the efforts which were being made by the society.

Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, M. P., seconded the motion, which was carried, and

The Lord Mayor, in acknowledging the compliment, mentioned that he was willing to receive subscriptions at the Mansion House, and that the list already amounted to nearly £2,000, of which £500 had been given by the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild.—*The Echo* (London) May 4th, 1875.

—Mr. M. N. Rich, of Sandbank, says he will shoot a string of 20 birds, with the best shot in the sporting club of Pajaski, for fifty dollars. Mr. Rich's challenge has been accepted.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

[From the July *Annals.*]

Since the beginning of the present year this periodical has added to its other attractions a "Foreign Department," containing items of news relating to the deaf and dumb in foreign countries, extracts from periodicals and institution reports, and editorial comments. We endeavor in the *Annals* to give the cream of the foreign periodicals and other publications; but our friends of the JOURNAL, issuing a weekly paper, and allotting two or three columns to this department, are enabled to go further, and to lay before their readers a large amount of interesting foreign matter which want of space compels us reluctantly to omit. The department is edited by our valued contributor, Mr. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, with the ability and faithfulness that are characteristic of all his literary labors.

The Deaf-Mute Crew at Saratoga.

The interest in the College boat races at Saratoga increases year by year. This time both races were won by the Cornell heroes of Cayuga Lake. Our associate is consequently jubilant, as well he may be. He had a fine time with the crew at their reception in Aurora last week.

Is it not about time the National Deaf-mute College send a crew to Saratoga? We would wear their colors and cheer them down the course, and 'rah, 'rah, 'rah them along, whether they come in at the head or at the rear.

An Unfortunate Accident.

We have received the following from New York:

"As the Sunny Side Social Club were letting off fireworks Monday evening, one of the members carelessly lighted some powder which exploded, badly burning W. A. Bond, the Secretary, about the face and neck, and it is probable he will be badly scarred for life; and there is some fear he will lose one of his eyes. Hopes are expressed that the injuries may not turn out so badly as the present indicates."

(Signed.) GEORGE L. REYNOLDS.

"Vengeance is Mine."

On Tuesday the Board of Trustees of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, had a session in Flint, and Messrs. A. W. Mann and W. L. M. Breg, and Miss Pool, teachers at the institution, were discharged. This course towards persons who are considered perfectly competent as teachers, and irreproachable in character, certainly does not auger well for the institution, or the powers that govern it. "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and truth will yet prevail.—*Genesee (Flint, Mich.) Democrat*, June 19th.

Manhattan Literary Association.

The annual meeting of this club for the election of officers took place a few days ago at their rooms, West Eighteenth street, between Second and Third avenues. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: John Witschell, President; Patrick McGuire, First Vice-President; F. Klingman, Second Vice-President; George Farley, (re-elected) Secretary; S. M. Brown, Treasurer. The Secretary and Treasurer were elected by acclamation.

An Appeal for the Philadelphia Institution.

[From the *Philadelphia Ledger*.]

MR. EDITOR:—For more than a half a century the Pennsylvania Institution, at Broad and Pine streets, has provided accommodations for all the deaf-mutes of this State. The buildings, although overcrowded of late, are now so insufficient that the Directors this season were obliged to deprive more than forty deaf children of this Commonwealth of the inestimable advantages of education. This exclusion of children who possess a high capacity for education, from mental, moral and spiritual instruction and training, leaving them in darkness and hopelessness, was a deep grief to the guardians of this institution. The Board, however, having confidences in the continuance of a favorable disposition on the part of their fellow-citizens towards this charity, resolved to provide a remedy by extending the buildings to the full capacity of their property so advantageously located for those who must be educated through the eye. The erection of additional buildings compels the Directors to appeal to their fellow-citizens for contributions to the extent of \$100,000 towards the cost of the new structure. All who possess a Christian spirit are thereby incited to do what they can to make "the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak"; therefore it is hoped that a liberal response will be made to this appeal, the only one put forth for this charity for very many years.

In some portions of the State, the number of deaf-mutes has largely increased, through the effects of scarlet fever and epinal meningitis, or spotted fever, as it is popularly termed. The parents of children delivered from these diseases will have the opportunity of making a thank-offering for the benefit of children of the poor who have thus lost their hearing.

Pledges or contributions may be sent to either of the Directors; and legacies made to "the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb."

By order of the Board.
GEO. SHARWOOD, President.
J. J. BARCLAY, Secretary.
Philadelphia, May, 1875.

DIED:

In New York, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., Anthony Morshemer, aged 19, a former pupil of the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes. His remains were buried in Evergreen Cemetery, the following Friday. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet accompanied the family to the grave and said the committal there.

Minor Topics.

In Italy an idea is current that the United States have abolished paper money and are swimming in gold and silver.

It is estimated that there are about 30,000 acres under cultivation in vineyards in California, comprising 15,000,000 mission or common vines, and 15,000,000 imported vines.

The postal card is the most popular thing in the country just now. The post office department reports the sale of 13,000,000 of them in excess of the number sold up to the same period last year.

Europe has five millions of soldiers all ready for fighting, with fifteen thousand cannon and a million and a quarter of horses; its united fleets consist of 2,039 vessels, manned by 280,000 sailors, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. As cost of these immense armaments is five hundred and sixty millions of dollars annually, three fifths of the amount being consecrated to the use of the armies.

The San Francisco Bulletin represents the effect of opium eating upon the Chinese in that city as worse than the popular estimate of it. The victim when deprived of the drug, is in a more pitiable condition than the drunkard with delirium tremens. His complexion becomes ghastly, and his stomach will not retain food. It is believed that nine-tenths of the thieving done by the Chinese is to get money for opium.

A young mother in Conway, Mass., left her child in a shady place while she picked strawberries in a field. When she called to know if it were safe, she received no answer, and on going to it found that it had been completely charmed by a brown snake, and unable to speak or move. Her screams frightened the snake away, but the child quivered and cried for an hour, and it was several days before it recovered from the baneful influence of the reptile.

Queen Victoria acknowledged the receipt of some publications on the temperance question, recently, in the following letter: "I am desired to thank you for placing in her Majesty's hands works on a subject of the deepest importance to her and to every one in this country. It is impossible for the queen not to be grateful to those who endeavor to mitigate an evil of such magnitude as the wide-spread intemperance which unfortunately prevails."

The aggregate value of local church property exempt from taxation in New York city is \$38,140,500, and colleges, hospitals, schools, etc., swell the sum to \$64,410,000. The value of property owned by the Episcopalians is \$10,709,000 in churches, and \$540,000 in schools; the Catholics have \$6,999,000 in churches, and \$2,476,000 in schools; and the Presbyterians own \$7,000,000 in churches.

Thomas Carlyle recently closed an interview with a London correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* with this characteristic growl at California: "You are doing no good there; you are harming the world. Cover over your mines, leave your gold in the earth, and go to planting potatoes. Every man who gives a potato to the world is the benefactor of his race; but you with your gold are overturning society, making the ignoble prominent, increasing everywhere the expenses of living, and confusing all things."

The following is the number of meetings held by Moody and Sankey in London during the past four months, with the aggregate attendance: In Camberwell, 60 meetings attended by 480,000 people; in Victoria, 45 meetings attended by 40,000; in opera house, 60 meetings attended by 330,000; in Bow, 60 meetings attended by 600,000, and in Agricultural Hall, 60 meetings attended by 720,000. Amount of money expended for buildings, printing, stewards, etc., \$140,000. Moody and Sankey have declined to receive any compensation from the committee.

The British museum and other public libraries in England are watching like buzzards for the death of a Mr. Crossley, living in Manchester, and eighty years old. Crossley is a bibliographer, and the most noted book worm in England. His library contains 50,000 volumes. He is a complete encyclopedia of English literature, and in his immense library of musty tomes he lives the life of a hermit. He was a personal friend of Charles Lamb and other literary men of past generations, but has written nothing himself except a few magazine articles, contributed to current literature in 1820.

Niagara Falls.

Imagine yourselves on a visit to Niagara Falls. Arriving at the busy village of the same name, you start for the Goat Island Group, from which can be obtained one of the best views of this wonderful river. Soon you see printed in large black letters, over a gateway, "Goat Island," "Toll-Gate." Handing your money to the gate-keeper, you hurry along, having hastily passed two or three bridges. Now you are on the so-called Goat Island. Three roads here branch off, and the one leading to the right is chosen. Soon is seen a portion of the American Fall. To obtain as fine a sight as possible, you pass down a stairway which connects with a foot-bridge, crossing to Luna Island.

Now you can behold the full grandeur of the never-ceasing cataract. Far below are the rocks, here and there covered with moss, the waves running and leaping over them; and visitors with their guides moving around, crossing the poor, frail foot-bridges, or standing on the slippery, rocky footstool, looking up at the silvery foam, and the long, perpendicular line of moving waters. As you stand on the dizzy height, you remember how a little child leaped from a young man's arms, and he plunged madly after, and both were lost.

Moving forward to the other side of the island, the Canada Fall is reached. It immediately occurs to a thoughtful and penetrating mind that the two falls are, to a certain extent, similar. The one known as the Horse-shoe Fall, at present, no more resembles a horse-shoe than the other; but the circle has gradually become an acute angle, the two sides increasing in length as the rocks up the stream are falling away, and perhaps at some future day they will form one lengthy ravine.

The Canada Fall should be judged as a far better sight to see than the American. On the heights above Terrapin Tower is found no more. The high log which, for twenty-five years has overhung that Fall, is still remaining. Above the water, driven by the wind, is nothing but a heavy mist penetrating into the sky. At first you would think that it was steam ascending from some great reservoir of boiling water. Foam is everywhere. Below, the water looks smooth and white, as though its glittering, shimmering surface had been adorned by the angels of God.

It is perfectly grand to look at the rapids. One spot appears like pure water, which falls from the heavens into some smooth channel, dark as the darkness of night. And then suddenly it changes into a white foamy substance, sparkling like pearls of different shapes and hues. These pearls are instantly, by some unknown power, hurled against massive rocks, snapped asunder, and into blue waves they simultaneously become. Oh! how is it that they are darting hither and thither, rushing from one thing into another in their onward progress! Nobler feelings and higher impulses take possession of your soul, and you are taught to adore, to reverence and fear that Infinite Power which thus controls the wonderful workings of nature.

SCHOOL-BOY.

A Good Field for Missionary Work.

It is properly to be supposed that we live in a civilized community, and we believe that impression is entertained generally. And yet intelligence, from sources that we cannot doubt, comes to us of deeds that for heartless cruelty and ingenious torture, would compare favorably with the exploits of the noble Lo in his most ungracious moments. A poor orphan girl, for some trivial offence, is gagged with a door knob to prevent her outcries, and whipped by her merciless guardian until her back is covered with swollen blue ridges not much less in size than one's fingers.

Another, a sturdy wife, and two or three sons who will be men—in form—before many years pass by, seem to take particular pride in meeting out to a grey-headed, infirm husband and father daily chastisement for what he has done or what he has not done, it makes little difference which, so long as it furnishes a pretext to knock him down, stamp on him, pull his hair, and otherwise maltreat him till the breath of life hardly remains in his body. And these are by no means the extent.—*Pharmic Reporter.*

How to Water Plants.

Seeing the other day, a very intelligent person sprinkling (not watering) a bed of flowers at ten o'clock in the morning, under a bright sun, we were moved then, and now to say that not only was the time and labor lost, but in case of delicate plants with surface roots, actual injury might have been done. The theory of watering plants is this: The roots are to be thoroughly wet without leaving any standing water; this well done will answer the purpose for several days where the plants are in the ground. It should be done on cloudy days or at evening. The mere sprinkling of water on the surface does no good; the water does not get down deep enough, and besides, in a hot sun, the evaporation cools the ground so as to threaten, if not injure the more sensitive plants. What is best, is to mulch plants with the short grass cut from the lawn, or dry dust from the street will answer; give so much water and such protection that there shall be no quick evaporation. So far this year we have had no severe droughts for plants having deep roots; but in this and next month we may expect dry weather. It is below, and not on the surface, that water is needed and beneficial.—*Standard.*

Robert Dale Owen is declared hopelessly insane by his physician. The disease is softening of the brain, and the Indianapolis Journal is of the opinion that Mr. Owen can not live a month.

The Great University Race.

The sight was highly inspiring. Thirteen pairs of oars, equidistant apart, dipped into the water and sprang out again with the regularity of a pendulum's beat. Gradually the outline of each separate crew could be distinguished. At first they appeared no larger than a western grasshopper. The regular plying of oars completed the resemblance to silver-winged grasshoppers. But this comparison held out but a minute or two. By the time the first mile was rowed, the forms of each sturdy crew had grown to proportions which enabled the more careful observers to detect advantages in position and in pulling. At the mile line "12" was signaled to the grand stand. A shout from hundreds of Harvard throats greeted the figures. Dartmouth followed, Cornell three. Harvard's backer's on shore were in a fair way of losing their minds and splitting their throats, when the Cornell crew came handsomely to the rescue, for the popping up of "2" on the signal board at the end of the mile and a half, put a quietus on the crimson-begirt enthusiasts. Harvard was now second, with Columbia and Dartmouth in doubt, but with probabilities in favor of the latter. And now the throng entered into the supreme reward for all the fuss, expense and trouble of coming to the regatta. The boats were in clear sight. Cornell was ahead, and the race lay clearly enough among Cornell, Dartmouth, Columbia and Harvard. With no accident, Cornell was the favorite. They were all pulling beautifully. Columbia was creeping up on Harvard and Dartmouth, but Cornell kept all competitors off with magnificent dignity. The latter crew was second from shore and could not be seen from the press stand till it got well on in the second mile. All eyes on the press stand were strained to detect which was ahead, Harvard, Columbia or Dartmouth. These are further out in the lake, Harvard, indeed, occupying the last lane on the east side. While thus looking for victory in the east, suddenly a shout burst forth from many of the conservative newsmen, for "No. 9." Cornell was seen straight away from the press stand unmistakably ahead of all competitors, and pulling with dead precision. On come the boats across the last quarter line. Harvard was doing nobly. Her boys on shore yelled like wild Indians after a mad bison. Columbia began to apply her last year's tactics of short, sharp decisive strokes. Her boat shot ahead in handsome obedience to the oars. Dartmouth was falling behind the leading three, but she held her place relative to Wesleyan and Yale. Meantime Cornell pulled as never boat pulled before. Before any crew reached the last eighth line it was plain that the race lay between Cornell, Harvard and Columbia. The latter at the eighth line set out on as fine a spurt as was ever seen on the water, but their strokes did not have the elasticity necessary to win. Harvard's position was deceptive from the press stand, she appearing nearer the goal than she really was. Meantime Cornell's sharp prow pierced the water and sped through it with "victory" sparkling from every bead of water that dripped from her oar blades, without any exciting spurt, the tanned backs from Ithaca pulled across the finish, and the youngest college in the land swept the lake. The supreme moment of the race was crammed full of the most intense excitement. Remembering Cornell's victory the day before, thousands who really had other favorites in the race, cheered and tossed their hats in the air in honor of the double triumph. The freshmen crew of the day before, with their friends, rushed down into the water, pulling and hauling each other and dancing about with the most absurd antics. They could hardly wait for the winners to come ashore. The moment they did so, they were caught up and borne the whole length of the grand stand, everybody rising as the rude procession passed greeting the bare backs with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. From the ladies on the grand stand rained down on the boys bouquets, and kisses were tossed from finger ends.—*Utica Herald.*

HOW NOT TO STOP A PAPER, AND HOW TO STOP ONE.—I. Do not take your paper to your post-master and tell him to send it back. In nine cases out of ten you will fail to stop it in this way.

2. Do not attempt to return it yourself, and write on the wrapper to discontinue. This is against the law, and lays you open to a fine.

3. Before your subscription expires, send to the publisher a postal card, saying your subscription expires on such a date. Please discontinue at that time. Sign your name, also the town and State where your paper is sent in full.

If the paper has been sent two weeks or more over the time for which it was paid, don't send a postal card. It will do no good. Rather write a letter and inclose what is due for arrears, always allowing that one number will be sent before the letter reaches the publisher and his list is corrected.

By observing these simple rules your requests will always be promptly attended to, you will have a clear conscience and sleep well, and the publisher will never be tempted "to take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

English writer says if one will "place a brood of young chickens or pheasants in

A Trip to the West.

New York, July 13th, 1875.
Messrs. Editors:—Leaving home on Thursday evening, June 17th, by the Erie Railroad to Suspension Bridge, and there taking the Great Western to Detroit, I found myself in Flint, Michigan, on the following Saturday afternoon. I went directly to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, of which Mr. E. L. Bangs is the Principal. On Sunday morning by the invitation of the Rector, the Rev. Marcus Lane, I assisted him in the service of St. Paul's Church, and preached. The offering, amounting to \$50, was for the support of Mr. A. V. Mann in church work among deaf-mutes. At 3 p. m., I conducted a short service in the institution chapel, and made an address appropriate to the close of the session. At 5 p. m., in the church, I baptized two deaf-mute adults and four children of deaf-mutes. At 7:30 p. m., in the church, I interpreted the service as it was read by the Rector. In the congregation, there was quite a large number of deaf-mutes, many of whom were pupils of the institution. I made an address in relation to The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes and the Rector followed with a few words in favor of the work, stating that the Mission to Deaf-Mutes would be continued in his parish. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Judge Cooley, of Ann Arbor, Mr. Phinney, of Monroe, and myself examined the classes of the institution, giving the latter portion of the time to the blind. The examinations were creditable to both teachers and pupils. On Wednesday evening, in the church, I baptized two adult deaf-mutes and a child of deaf-mutes. In all I baptized nine in Flint. This was, with God's blessing, the result of Mr. Mann's earnest work. On Thursday afternoon, June 24th, the closing exercises were held in the chapel, and passed off well. Gov. Bagley and several other public men were present, among whom were two of the three State trustees, Messrs. Johnson and Aldrich. On Friday evening Mr. Mann and I were at a service in St. Paul's Church, Jackson. Upwards of twenty deaf-mutes were present. The service was read and interpreted as usual. The Rector, Rev. Mr. Magrath expressed his warm interest in the work. After service Mr. Mann and I took berths in a sleeping car and pushed on to Chicago, where, the next morning, we became guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ryerson. In the evening we met the deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity at their room, No. 10, in No. 89 East Madison St. An address of welcome had been written out on the large slate. It was rendered in signs by Mr. Thomas, the Secretary of the society. Mrs. Raffington, the President, having added a few thoughts, Mr. Mann and I responded. It was a very enjoyable evening. On Sunday, June 27th, I officiated at St. James Church in the forenoon. At 3 p. m., I conducted a short service and preached at the room of the Deaf-Mute Society. Mr. Mann made a short address. We took supper with Mrs. Raffington, and then went to St. James Church, where the deaf-mutes formed a large part of the congregation. The service was read and interpreted. It was a happy day and will produce results, I trust, favorable to the designs of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." While in Chicago, I received a very touching and encouraging note from Miss Angie A. Fuller, containing a check for her first earnings as a writer for newspapers, to be appropriated to The Church Mission and the Home. On Monday I left Mr. Mann among his friends in Chicago, feeling that the way was opening for him to devote himself entirely to church work among the adult deaf-mutes of the larger cities of Michigan, and Chicago and perhaps Cleveland. I hurried eastward in order to be present at the Commencement exercises of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Hoping that this brief sketch of my trip may interest your readers, I am yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

The Silent College.

A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL COLLEGE FOR DEAF-MUTES.
(Washington Correspondent of New York Times.)
The great American public has lately been feeling for its long lost bump of veneration. Some dear remains of the organ being discoverable, they have put them to active service, making us all into a throng of "passionate pilgrims" who rush enthusiastically here and there among the shrines of the dead past. Thus, while devoutly kneeling to adore the antiquities, we are apt to forget that possibly the surrounding present offers matter of equal interest for our consideration. Growing tired one day of the syllables of that word "Centennial," I found it refreshing to get away from the busy streets, and find one place where everything was quite too new to be sentimentalized. Out through the avenues we rolled, past the Government Printing Office with its ceaseless hum, out into streets we had never seen, where the houses are few and scattering, and driving at last through the simple gateway that makes the entrance to Kendall Green. A prettier name and a prettier place cannot easily be found united.
THE BEGINNING OF "THE SILENT COLLEGE."
Years ago, when the forest skirting the grounds on the north stood in silent loneliness, Amos Kendall bought the place, erecting there his private residence, beautifying the lawn with rare shrubbery, carefully laying out the pretty walks and pleasant drives, making a home for the days when his active public life should cease. There came then to Washington a man having in charge five mute children. He had taught them various performances that seemed marvelous, and was

in the habit of exhibiting them for his personal profit. People living in his immediate neighborhood soon ascertained that the wretch abused and tortured these unfortunate little ones, and the facts becoming known to Mr. Kendall so roused his sympathies that he took them under his own protection, and provided for their maintenance and education. This was the small beginning of what has been beautifully called, by one of its mute professors, "The Silent College." Schools of ordinary grade for mutes were common in all the States of our Union; but that these minds, so isolated, could be made to comprehend the higher branches of mathematics, understand the obscure teachings of logicians, and become familiar with themes which were wholly of an abstract nature, seemed quite too much for credulity. In 1857 Mr. Edward M. Gallaudet came from Hartford to assist Mr. Kendall. From his distinguished father he inherited a nature full of warmth, sympathy, and enthusiasm, while added to this there was his home education, received from a mother who had never heard nor spoken. During the crowded receptions last winter there were few pleasanter incidents than to watch President Gallaudet moving about with the noble-looking lady whom he introduced as "my mother," in tones which showed his fondness, and then he would swiftly translate for her the greetings and conversation of his friends. But, in 1857, he was not President Gallaudet, for the "college" was only a daring thought. He found in Mr. Kendall a ready listener to his theories and a willing believer in the innate mental capacity of deaf-mutes. The most careful estimate showed that there was never likely to be within our borders more than 200 of these unfortunates who would desire the higher education of a collegiate course; since, in very many instances, other disabilities accompany the absence of hearing and speech, making only ordinary training possible. One institution then would quite suffice for the nation; it would be a national benefit, adding to the ranks of skillful teachers for these unfortunates, besides making them fully competent to fill many important positions. Incredulity, discouragement, rebuffs—all were met and conquered till "The National Institute for Deaf-Mutes" was publicly inaugurated June 28, 1864, and the last public act of Mr. Kendall's long life was the delivery of an address to the first graduates of the institution. Under the protection of the National Government the college has steadily grown; appropriations from Congress and large donations from private individuals have made its advantages available to destitute pupils, while to those who are able to pay, the annual expense for board and tuition is only \$150.
THE CHAPEL ON SUNDAY.
There are few places about Washington, which are so full of interest, and I can never forget the peculiar sensations which came over me as I entered the chapel for the first time during the Sunday service. The handsome room was full, and the opening prayer had already been offered, but there was no need for our involuntary quietness. The door might crack, or the footfall be rude, but no head turned to note a fresh entrance. A "hush," that it would have seemed sacrilege to break, pervaded the atmosphere. No sound of hymn or organ note varied the curious service, but few preachers have ever an audience so reverently attentive and eager to catch every item of the sacred lesson. Prof. Denison was talking of little things and their important agency. The sign language of the hands was used most rapidly, but it seemed also as if every feature and every part of the body had its own especial eloquence. So vivid were his delineations of thought that the silence grew painful; it seemed as if he must speak, as if the active mind would force the dumb tips to utterance and open the locked chambers of the ear. And then we looked at the bright faces of the listeners, noting how rapidly their expressions answered to that of the teacher; till, finally, as he told the familiar story of the one rain-droplet which determined to fall with its refreshing life upon the parched earth, doing all the good it might, and depicted the delighted surprise of the farmer who received the little herald of a shower upon his nose, there burst from the silent ones a curious laughter, hearty and irrepressible. The offering of the final prayer was most touchingly beautiful.
RECITATIONS OF THE DEAF-MUTES.
Witnessing these results, so evident to the most careless observer, all the Yankee in my composition desired to know the manner in which such marvels were accomplished; so one lovely morning I went alone to Kendall Green. President Gallaudet was not in his office; there was no stir about the building to indicate any life within, and I was looking for a bell, when suddenly I heard a chair move across the passage where I stood. Peeping in at the open door I saw Prof. Chickering conducting a recitation; took a swift glance at the half dozen young gentlemen composing the class; was caught in the very act by one of them, who telegraphed the Professor in some occult fashion to such thorough purpose that I found myself welcomed and seated very speedily. On the wall there hung an outline map of the world; and these mutes were reciting from Guyot's *Modern Civilization*. It was passing strange to note their readiness of reply to the sign questions, to hear their own intelligent conclusions concerning theories that were proposed—for the Professor acted as an interpreter—and as I looked from one eager face to the other, I realized as never before what a trammel and clog is this human organization upon the divine soul within. A year ago I saw in Texas a wonderful alabaster vase. It was found thirty feet below the bed of a South American river. Beautiful in shape and of cloudless white, we all admired and wondered, till one of our party suggested that we try a light within it to illustrate the familiar simile. A wax taper was carefully placed, and a miracle

was wrought, for there came into view before us, groups of figures exquisitely carved; garlands of flowers and groves of tropical trees. Withdrawing the light, the vision faded, leaving only the dead white surface, pure and cold. Do you wonder that, as I sat in that recitation-room I thought of that magical vase and saw how marvelously the touch of education had brought out the hidden possibilities of these minds that had dwelt so long in their sealed prisons?
Next there was a recitation of the class in modern history. A topic being given by the tutor, the class wrote rapidly, upon blackboards, what they remembered concerning it. In every case the writing was remarkably distinct, and much of it was really elegant, while the construction of the sentences was surprisingly excellent. How it was possible for these unfortunates to master idiomatic forms of expression, placing adverbs and adjectives so correctly, was beyond my guessing.
THE DUMB SPEAK AND THE DEAF HEAR.
Prof. Porter was conducting a class in mental philosophy. Some of the young gentlemen were writing upon slips of paper. Bending over one of them I watched his rapid rendering of a theory of "perfected perceptions." "Poor fellow!" I thought, "how can he know anything about that?" Lifting his head he saw me watching, rose quickly, and gracefully handing me the open textbook, startled me with the clearly spoken, "I beg your pardon, Madam! here is our lesson. I thought the Professor gave you a book;" then, turning, quietly, continued his writing. My amazement amused Prof. Chickering very much, but the surprise was more shocking than pleasant. I had thought myself in the Temple of Silence; I felt as if every spoken word of my own was almost a profanation, and then to hear "the dumb speak" was a miracle for which I was wholly unprepared, though I had a vague memory that such things had been done. Making inquiry regarding this I learned from President Gallaudet that mutes, though entirely deaf, may be taught to articulate; but the return for the time and labor incurred is generally considered inadequate. Where, however, the power of speech has been only apparently destroyed by utter failure of hearing, articulation becomes valuable, and such pupils are carefully taught.
THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
We found in the laboratory the necessary instruments and materials for chemical work, and while I was admiring the unusually fine air-pump, a youth entered, walked up to a queer-looking can upon the window-sill, picked up a rubber tube, and proceeded to test his lung capacity. His delighted face, when the registered number showed a remarkable strength and size of lungs, sent the reflection of his gladness into our eyes, for we could not resist sharing his pleasure. These mutes, whose lungs have never the ordinary modes of exercise, require artificial methods, which are supplied in every way that ingenuity can suggest. Through the large and well appointed college refectory and adjacent pantries we passed, and as we stepped out on the polished floor I remarked, "This would make a charming room for dancing, but dancing without music would be funeral work." "Not a bit of it," said the Professor, "the mutes are very fond of dancing, keeping the most perfect time, though not a sound ever wakes its echo in their sensations." They declare that any noise stirring the air violently, like the roll of thunder or the beat of large drums strikes them in the stomach, causing nausea! Rather a disagreeable way to hear music!
PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.
We passed on to the Primary Department, where the first slow processes of education are patiently repeated by a bright-faced lady. Among these pupils we found several dusky proteges of the Fourteenth Amendment and Civil Rights laws. There was none of them among the higher classes, and I ascertained the fact that beyond a certain point the African deaf-mute cannot advance. They are much less quick in comprehending and associating ideas correctly. In the Primary class there sat Dick Whittington. The Bow-bells of London would have charmed their strange prophecy in vain for him, but the "Dick" of the old story was not more remarkable in his way than is the "Dick" of Kendall Green. He is the child of an ignorant, almost imbecile, mute mother. His head is shaped precisely like an elongated cocoa-nut and covered with closely-curling wool, for our Dick is black as night. Contrasting strangely with his dusky skin, the vivid blue of the most mischievous eyes rivets the stranger's attention. He is sixteen years old, writes a very good hand, and comprehends the lessons taught in the primary room, but a more troublesome imp never defied a teacher's watchfulness. A little girl was sent to the blackboard to write some short words. She hesitated, looked about helplessly, but, suddenly turning, wrote correctly and rapidly. Suspecting black art, the teacher turned, but Master Dick was very demurely looking at his own book. Other words were given out; there was the same hesitation; then quick execution, and this time I saw "Dick" making a quiet signal, throwing into those blue eyes amazing force of expression for an instant, then dropping them upon his book, but making under his desk the sign-letters needed by the child at the blackboard. It was so swiftly and deftly done that the teacher, naturally watching the little girl, would never have seen it had she not known his "tricks" and his manners. Lessons are conned by these mutes very much as by other students only in place of our lip-repetition they use the fingers beneath the desk, playing them with astonishing rapidity. We found a higher class of the primary department reciting arithmetic, disengaging the bewildering fractions very skillfully; another group were busy amid quadratic equations, receiving the explanations of the tutor with intelligent com-

prehension, quickly correcting mistakes and fairly beaming when problems were rightly solved.
The reception-room is a bright, pretty apartment, not luxuriously furnished by any means, but commanding from its windows a superb view of the city and surrounding hills. This room is in the old building, occupied during the infancy of the college, and we went from it along the corridors to the handsome chapel, quite prepared to look with the proper amount of reverence upon the busts of the Abbés de l'Epee and Sicard, the devoted priests who first believed and taught the then incredible theory that the mind, with its divine right, could force the unwilling body to become its servant in other than ordinary methods.
REMARKABLE RESULTS OF THE GOOD WORK.
This college is constantly becoming an object of greater interest. No visitor can go there and understand any of its workings, without applauding every appropriation for its benefit and bidding it the heartiest "God speed." The young men who have already graduated are filling positions of honor and responsibility. Some of them are in the departments as clerks, doing their duty faithfully. A chief examiner in the Patent Office, familiar with seven languages, calls Kendall Green Alma Mater, while many are engaged in teaching to other mutes the lessons they have so well learned, their own sympathies and instincts quickly divining and helping the minds of their pupils.
The foundation for a new college building is already laid. When this is finished, the group of edifices with the picturesque chapel in the centre, will compare very favorably with more extensive institutions. The houses of the President and Professors are within the inclosure, surrounded by flowers and vines, while the old mansion of Mr. Kendall, almost embowered in its grand trees, is occupied by some of the domestics. Then there is the work-shops, where various trades may be practiced. Every possible provision is made for healthful exercise.
News of the Week.
The Secretary of the Treasury has issued another call for the redemption of five twenty bonds of 1862.
H. H. Dennison, the canal contractor, has been committed to jail for thirty days for refusing to produce his books before the Canal Investigating Committee.
The principle of religious liberty is likely to be embodied in the new Spanish Constitution.
Messrs. Moody and Sankey will sail for New York August 4.
Serious damage has been done in England by floods caused by the overflow of the river Severn.
Mr. McKenzie, the Canadian premier, in a speech at Dundee, Tuesday night, said he was convinced that so long as Great Britain maintained her present attitude towards the colonies, friendship and confidence would be maintained.
A portion of the City Hotel, Lynchburg, Va., fell suddenly, on Wednesday; a white woman and a negro child were killed.
Prof. Marsh has been requested to present his charges against the Indian ring to the investigating commission.
The North Carolina cotton congress met at Raleigh, Wednesday, re-elected Col. D. E. Butler, of Georgia, president, and took measures for an international exchange with England.
The Navigator Islanders have made monarchy elective for four years and made United States Commissioner Steinburger prime minister for life.
The Cornell University crew won the University race at Saratoga Wednesday, by half a length, in the remarkably good time of 16 minutes 53 seconds, the other boats coming in in this order: Columbia, Harvard, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Yale, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Bowdoin, Hamilton, Union. Princeton did not reach the finish, owing to the sudden sickness of one of their men; there were no fouls; the single-scull race was won by Mr. Kennedy of Yale by six lengths.
The cotton prospects in the South are very flattering.
The resignation of United States District Attorney Fisher, of the District of Columbia, has been asked.
The Toronto Globe supports Lord Dufferin's view of the annexation of Canada, which is that it is not the desire of either.
The following are the victors in the athletic sports at Saratoga, Thursday: One mile run, C. H. Barbour, of Amherst; one mile walk, W. A. Platt, of Amherst; seven mile walk, W. R. Taylor, of Harvard; quarter mile run, C. M. Culver, of Union; half mile run, David Trumbull, of Yale; three mile walk, W. R. Taylor, of Harvard; 100 yard dash, I. B. Potter, of Cornell; three mile run, D. C. Morrell, Amherst; 100 yard hurdle race, Cortes Maxwell, Yale; post-graduate seven mile walk, J. E. Eustis, Wesleyan.
Steps are being taken to establish a weekly journal in Washington to be managed exclusively by colored men and devoted to the interests of the colored people.
A motion declaring it inexpedient for the Government to pay any part of the expenses of the Prince of Wales' visit to India was rejected in the House of Commons by a vote of 379 to 67. The grant was then passed.
Colonel Gildersleeve, of the American rifle team, has accepted the cup offered for competition by the British team.
The Pawnbroking Department of the Italian Government offers for sale an unredeemed gallery of paintings in November next.
William Curtis Wood, salutarian of '68, Yale, committed suicide at New Haven, Thursday.
The American team will be welcomed home with a banquet and procession, and a testimonial to each member.

It is reported that Bishop Lee's statement will clear Brigham Young and the Mormon Church leaders in Salt Lake City, of any complicity in the Beaver Meadow massacre.
The American team was courteously received at Wimbledon, Friday.
David Courtney, editor of the Northern Advocate, was found drowned at Bracebridge, Ontario, Thursday.
Forest fires have destroyed 6,000,000 feet of lumber on Madawaska river, Ontario.
Crops are good throughout Ontario.
A strong body of Sioux are on the war path in the Black Hills; several miners have been killed.
The accounts of the State Treasurer's office will be balanced up to June 30, 1875, and banks are notified to make statements of their accounts with the State at that time.
The commissioner of Indian affairs, says the investigation into Indian affairs, has been placed in competent hands.
Ex-Senator Carpenter will assist as counsel for the prosecution of Tweed.
The Chicago team beat Syracuse team at the close of the sportsmen's convention in the latter city, Saturday.
Political quarrels between the Ross and Downing parties among the Cherokees, have resulted in eighteen murders within the past two months.
Fall River cotton mill owners agree to reducing wages to the rate they were before the strike, and if there is a partial strike, make a general lock out.
The first annual session of the National Division of the North American Sons of Temperance closed at Providence, R. I., Saturday; the charters of three grand divisions in Victoria and South Australia were withdrawn, and a charter granted to the three in one, thus ending a controversy which vexed the order for years.
The whale with which the Scythia came in contact has been towed into Queenstown, dead.
A monument is to be erected to George Brown, the Halifax orator.
In shooting for the St. Leger stakes at Wimbledon, Saturday, Fulton, American, and Rigby, Irish, made each 35 in a possible score of 35.
Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, died on Sunday night.
Sunday, George Medway murdered his wife with an ax, at Medway, Maine.
A terrible riot took place at San Miguel, a town of 40,000 inhabitants in the southern part of the State of Salvador, Central America, on the 20th ult., caused by the action of the Government. The rioters killed Generals Cuartel and Castro.
Coleman won the Rifle Association cup at Wimbledon, and Fulton the St. Ledger sweepstakes; Gildersleeve won the second of the Albert prizes and Sir Henry Huford the first. The Americans refuse, as a team, to shoot for the Elcho shield.
Census of the County.
The returns of the census takers have all been filed at the County Clerk's office except those of Orwell and Sandy Creek and one district each of Constantia and Granby. We give below the returns as far as completed; and also the population of 1870:

	1875.	1870.
Albion,	2,494	2,359
Amboy,	1,260	1,431
Boylston,	1,139	1,053
Constantia—1st dist.,	1,651
Granby—2d dist.,	1,231
Hannibal,	3,278	3,234
Hastings,	2,806	3,058
Mexico,	3,806	3,802
New Haven,	1,726	1,764
Orwell,
Oswego Town,	2,793	3,043
Oswego City,	22,280	20,910
Palermo,	2,044	2,052
Parish,	2,059	1,929
Redfield,	1,307	1,324
Richland,	4,369	3,975
Sandy Creek,
Schreppel,	3,304	3,987
Scriba,	3,124	3,065
Volney,	5,776	6,565
West Monroe,	1,377	1,404
Williamstown,	1,807	1,833

The total population of the County in 1870 was 77,941 and of the four towns from which returns are not complete as follows: Constantia, 3,437; Granby, 3,972; Orwell, 1,215; Sandy Creek, 2,629. Counting in these towns at the above figures the total population of the County would be 78,101. If these four towns should show a falling off, the population of the county would be less than in 1870.—Oswego Times.
The population of the town of Orwell is 1,455; population in 1870, 1,215; increase, 240.
Oswego County Fair.
The date of the annual Fair of the Oswego County Agricultural Society has been changed to Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th. Efforts are being made to render the coming Exhibition unusually attractive. Among other things there will be a balloon ascension, and it is expected that Vick, of Rochester, will make a display of flowers.
Census of the Cities of the State of New York.
Oswego has a population of 22,280, a gain of 1,370 since 1870.
Troy shows a population of 50,000, a gain in five years of 3,500.
Binghamton has 15,425, a gain of 2,832 since 1870.
Elmira shows a population of 20,093, a gain in five years of 4,230.
Syracuse counts up 53,300, a gain in five years of 10,249.
Dunkirk has a population of 7,214, a gain of 302 since 1870.
Kingston has a population of 20,610, a decrease of 1,333 since 1870.
Hudson shows its number of people to be 8,564, a decrease of 51 in five years.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

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We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

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Facts and Fancies.

The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

There are 250 female students in the college of medicine and surgery of the St. Petersburg University.

Boys have divers for hooking from school just now. If you doubt it examine their hair.

The children in Florida say they live on sweet potatoes in the summer, and on strangers in the winter.

To Archbishop Whately is ascribed this paradox: "The larger the income the harder it is to live within it."

Why does a duck go under the water? For diver's reasons. Why does she go on land? For sun-dry reasons.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse that ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

The Wisconsin farmer who left a candle burning in the barn so as to scare thieves away has no barn to watch now.

Socialism is on the decline in Germany, the number of its adherents having dwindled in a few years from 340,000 to about 25,000.

A little wart-backed hop-toad will break up a croquet party quicker than the darkest thunder cloud that ever gathered.

—Lydia Smith, who was Thaddeus Stevens' housekeeper, and was given \$5,000 by his will, has sued the estate for six years' pay at \$200 a month.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way he is."

A negro highwayman near Lexington, bought a revolver of a man for \$3, and then used the weapon to rob him of all his money, including the purchase price.

There is a hole at Warwick, Mass., four inches in diameter, and running so deep into the ground that it has never been fathomed. Hot air constantly comes out of it.

The Sultan has eight hundred wives, and devotes to his own and their use £2,000,000 out of the £7,000,000 that constitutes the whole income of the Turkish Empire.

"Sir," said an old judge to a young lawyer, "you would do well to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment."

A bad little boy, upon being promised five cents by his mother if he would take a dose of castor oil, obtained the money, and then told his parent that she might castor oil in the street.

A young man in California began to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart, commencing: "Yuba mine," when she interrupted him with: "I don't care if I do, John."

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and, as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write.

A man in Paris wants to light the city by means of one big lamp suspended from a balloon. The authorities have a prejudice against the plan because the inventor boards in an insane asylum.

The fiddler of a minstrel company ran away the other day in debt to the manager, at which the manager facetiously declared that he had engaged the fellow for a fiddler, but he had taken the part of a base violinist.

An eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never joined places in my life with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so stidly as they do."

"No, gentlemen of the jury," thundered an eloquent advocate the other day in a Denver Court, "this matter is for his honor to decide, who sits there sleeping so beautifully." His honor opened his eyes and his mouth, and said: "All owing to your narcotic speech, sir."

Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors of the town of Mexico have completed their assessment roll for the present year, and that a copy thereof is left with the undersigned, Lyman Robbins, at his dwelling house, in said town, where the same may be seen and examined by any of the inhabitants of said town, during twenty days from the date of this notice. And that the said Assessors will meet at Mayo's Hall, in said town, on the 17th day of August next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to review their assessments, on the application of any person conceiving himself aggrieved. Dated Mexico, July 15, 1875.

S. B. FORD,
LYMAN ROBBINS,
F. G. SMITH,
Assessors of the Town of Mexico.

- Buy your Dress Goods at Norton's.
- Buy your Alpaca at Norton's.
- Buy your \$1 Kids at Norton's.
- Buy your 50c Mohair at Norton's.
- Buy your Hamburg at Norton's.
- Buy your Showers at Norton's.
- Buy your 50c Alpaca at Norton's.
- Buy your Prints at Norton's.
- Buy the best 10 ct. Sheet at Norton's.
- Buy your Parasols at Norton's.

NEW STORE!

The undersigned has just opened a new store in the

PHENIX BLOCK, MEXICO

One door west of B. S. STONE & CO'S Hardware Establishment. He intends keeping a full stock of all kinds of

FANCY AND DRY GOODS,

Such as

ALPACAS, BRILLIANTINES, POPLINS, PONGEES,

Hosieries, BROWN & BLEACHED GOODS.

And all kinds of

DRESS GOODS.

Worsted, Mottos, and Very Fine Silks.

Best Two Button Kid Gloves for \$1.

And all other goods in proportion.

Frank Leslie's Paper Patterns.

Will make a specialty of

Paisley Shawls, Cloak AND Dress Trimmings,

Mourning Goods.

He has also a fine and cheap assortment of

FLANNELS, And wishes to say to the public that he will procure on the shortest notice, and at the lowest terms anything in his line of trade not found in the village.

C. B. CHAPMAN & SON.
Mexico, April 24 1875.

RAILROAD MILLS

Is the place to go for your

FLOUR & FEED,

Where there is kept constantly on hand a stock of

FLOUR of all Grades, MEAL, Shorts, Ships, Midds, Screenings, Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. Having put in NEW MACHINERY, we are prepared to give entire satisfaction in all the branches of

Custom Grinding

Persons living in the corporation who wish to order Flour and Feed of us can rely on having their orders promptly filled by

Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S BOOK STORE.

Give us a call. Send in your orders. L. ROBBINS & SON
Mexico, Sept. 10, 187 45

CLARK PICKENS General Blacksmith PARISH, N. Y.

SHOP NEAR THE DEPOT.

Special attention given to

Horse Shoeing and Ox Shoeing.

Mr. Pickens has the only convenience for ox shoeing in this vicinity. Terms low. Work well done and no unnecessary delay by waiting, as Mr. Pickens intends to be at his shop constantly.

Parish, July 18, 1873. 38

Chautauqua Lake.

Near this beautiful locality is situated an old, richly-endowed Seminary for both sexes—The Chamberlain Institute. Fall term opens Aug. 24th. For catalogue address Rev. J. T. Edwards, A. M., Principal, Randolph, N. Y.

Wall Paper

Having largely increased my stock, I am now prepared to offer to the public first-class goods at the very

LOWEST PRICES

NO one should fail to see my stock who contemplates cleaning house and Papering this Spring

REMEMBER

That paper is much cheaper this spring than ever before. I am selling that formerly sold for fifteen cents for

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My Stock comprises not only a large

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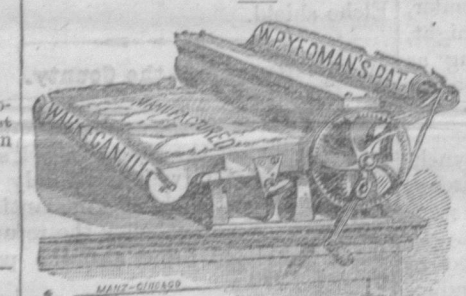
CURTAINS

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All paper bought of me trimmed FREE OF CHARGE.

L. L. VIRGIL.

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Manufacturer of

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WAGONS,

Platform Spring Wagons

&c., &c.

Repairing done on most reasonable Terms.

Manufactory Main street, opposite Foundry.

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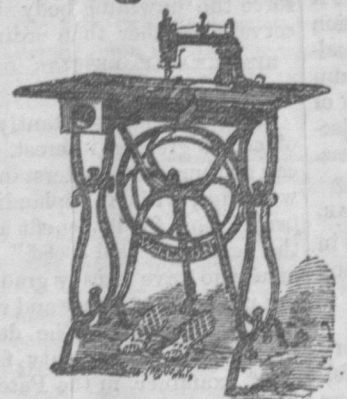
And Save the Potatoes by using F.W. Devoe & Co's Paris Green, For circulars how to use, &c., address F. W. DEVOE & CO., 117 Fulton St., New York.

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WILSON

SHUTTLE

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FOR

50 Dollars !!

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AND

EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

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BEST IN THE WORLD!

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Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

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BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best range of work. All other

Machines in the Market

were in direct

COMPETITION !!

For Hemming, Felling, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

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General Agent for Oswego County,

163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y.



For sale by R. L. ALFRED, Mexico, N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.
We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of WALKER'S Bitters?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of WALKER'S Bitters in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim WALKER'S Bitters the most wonderful and vigorous that ever sustained the failing system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted and repaired.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Rappahannock, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary.

Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with WALKER'S Bitters. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Constipation, Tightness of the Chest, Bizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Serofula, or King's Evil, Scrofula, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swarms of Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammation, Rheumatism, Mucous Affections, Bores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great superiority over the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiating Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried off the system in a short time by the use of Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiating Blood whenever you find its impurities manifesting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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Druggists and Gen. Agts. San Francisco, California,
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